The Sketch

No. 2563—Vol. CXCVII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

A BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT OF H.M. THE KING.

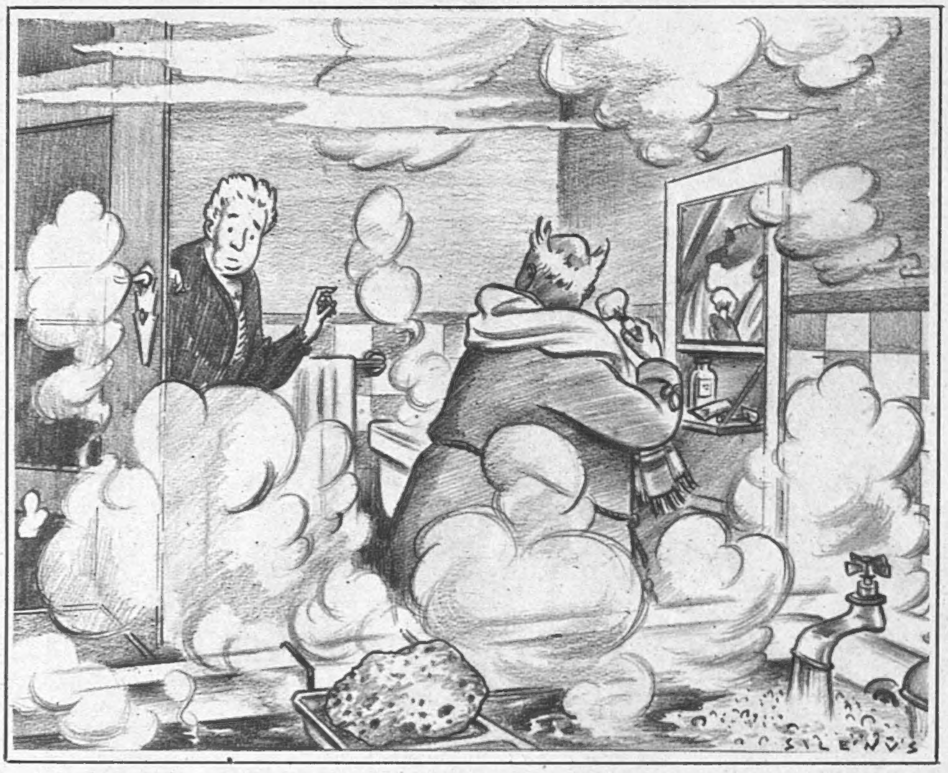
H.M. KING GEORGE VI. *is forty-seven this week. He was born on December 14, 1895, at York Cottage, Sandringham. This excellent photograph—the latest camera portrait of his Majesty—was taken at Buckingham Palace, and he is wearing the uniform of the Royal Air Force, of which he is the Marshal.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

The Merry-go-round. How long is it since we were able to attach the traditional adjective to Christmas without a sense of irony? Years before the storm, when all the clouds were gathering, it seemed indecent to be "merry"; indeed, it was impossible, for thunderstorms turn all milk sour, including the milk of human kindness—and they also cause headaches. This excellent English word, "merry," has lost something of its savour not only through human misbehaviour, but by the attritions of philology. We have had to add, in popular *cliché*, "and bright" to give it full colour. It used to be bright enough by itself. Merriment was really a matter of temperament. A "merry" man was a man, in the old psycho-physiology, of "sanguine humour"—full-blooded, vital and temperamentally disposed to "look on the bright side." He was much valued—*vide* Shakespeare and all the poets. There was "merry" weather, which set the blood racing and made the world worth living in. The Spacious Days, with all their dark passions and instant perils, were "merry" times; and when the Stuart monarch came back to a torn and quivering England, his known foibles were forgiven him—and are still forgiven him—because he was a "merry" man, of irrepressible wit. The word does not *necessarily* mean, as my dictionary says, "slightly tipsy."



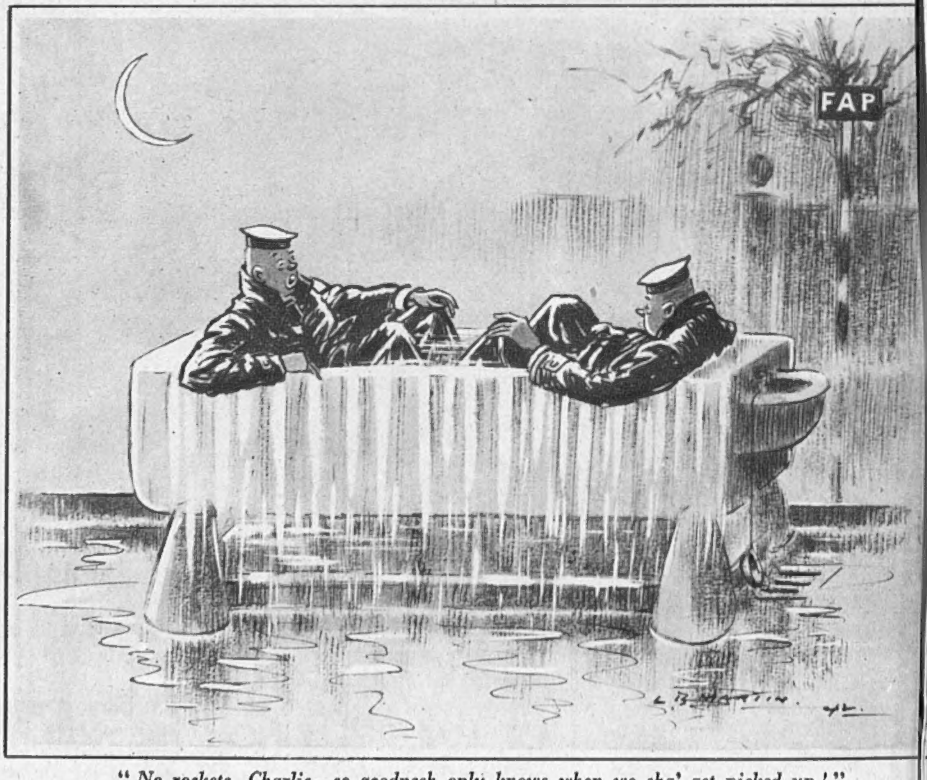
"Don't be so extravagant with the water, dear! Do as I do, and when you fill up the bath only turn the tap half-on."

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Let Nothing You Dismay. "God rest you merry, gentlemen"—God keep you in good heart and cheerful countenance. Amid the world's convulsions, that is a wish which one can still extend with good will and conviction, and this Motley trifler, in a moment of seriousness, offers it confidently to all who, in idle moments, listen to the tinkling of his bells. That sort of merriment has never disappeared from this land during three years of ordeal; but how soon it died, if it ever existed, among the despoilers of the earth! I do not feel, somehow, that either Dr. Goebbels or Herr Himmler is a "merry" man; and if the Duce knows how to laugh, I suspect that the laugh is on the wrong side of his imperial face. And so, God continue to rest you merry, gentlemen—*and* ladies all—in a December that has been illumined by a wonderful, and perhaps historic, November. For the New Year, no "frantic boast and foolish word," not the calm happiness of peace, but at least a brighter dawn than many that have gone before. And, finally, a health, as they say in Scotland, to "them that's awa'"—and a prayer for them too, spoken and unspoken, deep from a million hearts.

Ship Ahoy! The boys will be hailing Noel and hymning Wenceslas in every clime, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. They will have a "white" Christmas in Iceland, and a red one in Africa. But it is wonderful in what queer places and circumstances you can be merry over your Christmas. Here is an example of conviviality: "Thirteen shipwrecked men, four of them wounded, after seven days adrift in mid-Atlantic, climbed on to half a ship and held a party. They had given up hope of being rescued. But on the half-ship they found chicken, potatoes, cabbage, whisky and rum—and a gramophone. They prepared a feast and listened to a Vera Lynn record, although there was danger of the ship going down beneath them." They had just reached the dessert when a rescuing ship appeared. I hope none of our lads have to spend a Christmas like that, but if they do, I have no doubt that they will show that half a ship is better than no chicken—and I should not be surprised if it was turkey, which is more than you and I will have. Not that I am complaining, and I hope that I should be the last to grudge the Navy its own peculiar forms of festivity.

Loaves Without Fishes. I do not even complain about fish, because I am not very fond of it. I know it is "good for the brain," but I don't feel that I need it. Anyhow, it isn't what you can really call fish—it's



"No rockets, Charlie—so goodnesh only knows when we sha' get picked up!"

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

only cod. But if there is to be fish at all, I wish I understood how and why it is "zoned." I am sure that a great deal of time and thought, not to mention acres of buff forms and many official salaries, have gone into this ingenious process; but the only result, so far as I can learn, is the total dematerialisation of fish. Threatened with the humiliating process of zoning, all the fish in the sea appear to have gone on a sit-down strike, and to be sulking in the depths.

> Full many a plaice, of reddest spots serene,
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a hake is born to blush unseen
> And waste its sweetness on the North Sea air.

Mr. Mabane has told the House of Commons that "not a single complaint has been received from the public." Naturally; the public does not complain about its fish, because it has no fish to complain about. I wish this zoning business could be applied to U-boats; it might relieve the Government of one of its major anxieties.

Poor Lamb!

But you have to be very careful what you do with a zoned fish, even if you catch one. I cannot imagine what will happen to you if you unzone it, or deration it, or give it to the poor old bed-ridden lady next door. Whatever you do, don't raffle it. The other day a simple soul of Somerset won a leg of lamb in a "threepenny competition" — the sort of wicked, abandoned gambling orgy which our Betting Laws is sternly discountenance—and, being shrewd as well as simple, sold it to another simple soul for 8s. 5d. The purchaser, being evidently a philanthropist, resold it to his landlady for 7s. 6d. And never a coupon! The hand of the law descended, and each of the mutton-mongers was fined £2 10s., and the landlady £1 11s. 9d. costs. Thus you will see that you have to pay for your fun in this world, and especially for your lamb, at the rate of about £7 per leg. No, crime does not pay, and no lamb is worth it, not even as a unique exhibit of an extinct species.

"But I want you to leave me one corn—our people are so interested in the weather, you know!"

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

To Keep It Holy. And crime may take many curious forms, not the least disreputable of which, in this country, is giving entertainment, for those who badly need entertainment, on a Sunday. You may listen to performances, of a highly secular nature, on the wireless, and you may go to the flicks and see all Mammon at its most ungodly, but you must not charge admission for a play or revue, not even for charity. A number of prominent actors and actresses have gone on strike, and Parliament is to judge anew this ancient controversy. But Parliament is a very respectable place, and Mrs. Grundy commands many votes. She is a wonderful old lady, with a remarkable, if puzzling, morality, and her strength is as the strength of ten.

Limelight. This tough old lady is always news. In that respect she is well abreast of the times, for I gather from many evidences that nobody can be a really useful or successful citizen nowadays without high-pressure publicity. Of course, it is not called publicity, which sounds a little vulgar; it goes by the polite name of Public Relations. This is, apparently, a necessity for every department of government, and it has become the inevitable adjunct of everybody who is, or wishes to be, or is determined to remain, "in the public eye." Everybody, in the sinister Trans-atlantic phrase, has to "sell" himself. The ways of Public Relations are many and devious, and we have become accustomed to them among politicians and others who, if they are not "in the public eye," are naught; but it is deplorable to see that the infection is spreading not only to Service departments, but even to serving officers. The next outbreak will be among the traditionally anonymous Civil Service, and then what fun we shall have! There are those who regard it as the supreme disaster to be Never in the News, but it may also be a disaster to be Always in the News. Doctors and barristers seem to be the only people left who court publicity at their peril, and we have progressed very far towards the odious principle that any publicity is better than none.

Felicia the Cat. Whatever may not be in the news, women's hats always will be. I have referred to this painful subject recently, and will not harrow feelings further by dwelling on it, except to say that it is still causing deep concern in official circles. Not only the Archbishop of Canterbury, but the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, and the President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division have been sitting on women's hats—if you won't take me too literally. Once for all, women will go hatless—and why? The answer is supplied by a Stipendiary Magistrate. "Nobody ever controls a cat. It is like a woman. It does exactly what it likes." It was in this spirit, not long ago, that seven young women turned up at a

[Continued overleaf.

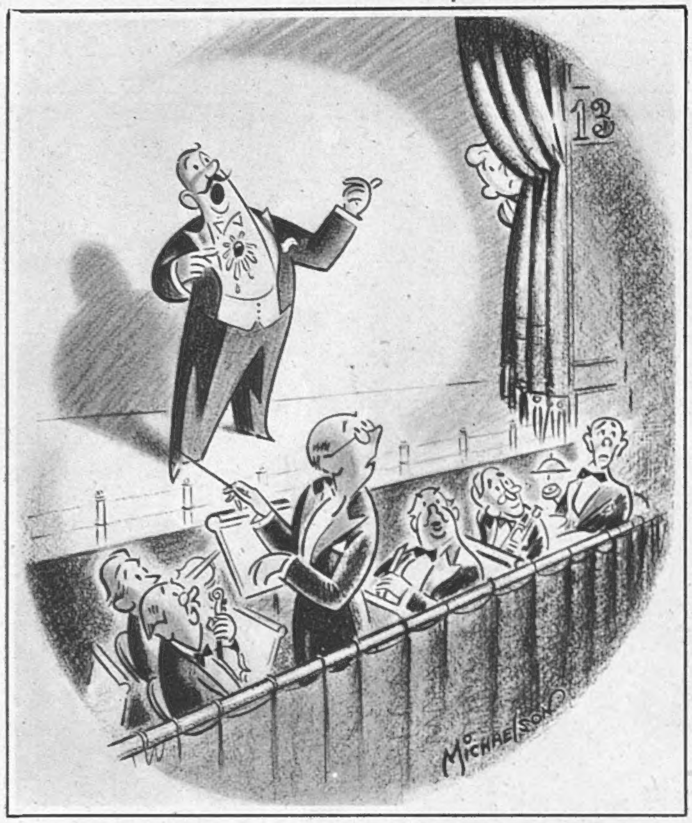
Continued.]

factory in slacks, and, when challenged by the management, carried the matter to the Ministry of Labour and won a decisive but bloodless victory. Their mothers fought for "rational costume," which was about as irrational as anything I have ever seen, and these young women have not lost the spirit of their ancestors.

Never Done. But really, your Worship!—women, like cats, do exactly as they like? With the greatest respect, your Worship, just consider what in fact Mrs. William Smith does, and see how *you* would like it. There is the breakfast to get, the children to assemble and set in motion. Then the first spell of housework. Now the larder is to be thought of, and there comes the infinite tedium of queue-ing up and shopping, the desperate search for non-existent commodities, and the nightmare of sorting out and reducing to order all the ration-books—not to mention calculating all the points. It's all cash-and-carry, too, and everything has to be dragged home by hand or fore and aft on an overworked bicycle. Home (exhausted and frayed) in time to do some culinary conjuring-tricks with "substitutes," and a spot more housework. There are bills to pay and letters to write. Mending for the entire household, with knitting for the troops in odd moments. Patching up and "making do," because no repairs are possible. The Savings Group, digging for victory in the garden, Red Cross, and perhaps many other committees, good works and war by-products. In the evening, the children's homework, and always their colds and tummies and epidemics. At night, fire-watching or C.D. And, only too often, ever suppressed but ever gnawing at the heart, the thought of husband or son in daily peril. No, your Worship, I don't think that women in war-time England behave just like cats.

Rats!

Nor like rats, either. "On a point of order, Mr. Speaker," said an Hon. Member recently, "do you regard it as offensive if a Member of the House calls another Member a rat?" The answer is that you must not compare a fellow-legislator with any reptile, rodent or even quadruped, except possibly the lion or the bulldog. This rat reference reminds me of a *bon mot* of a former distinguished Member not usually noted for his light humour. A Member, who was accused by his party of having deserted it, was attacking another Member who had done the same. The comment was: "We have often heard, Sir, that dog does not eat dog; but it would appear that rat does eat rat." The subject has engaged the attention of Vichy, which has announced that "an offensive against rats will be launched in Paris." Caustic comment springs to the mind, but it will be suppressed by Englishmen who remember, with respect and admiration, that there are very gallant Frenchmen who do *not* desert sinking ships.



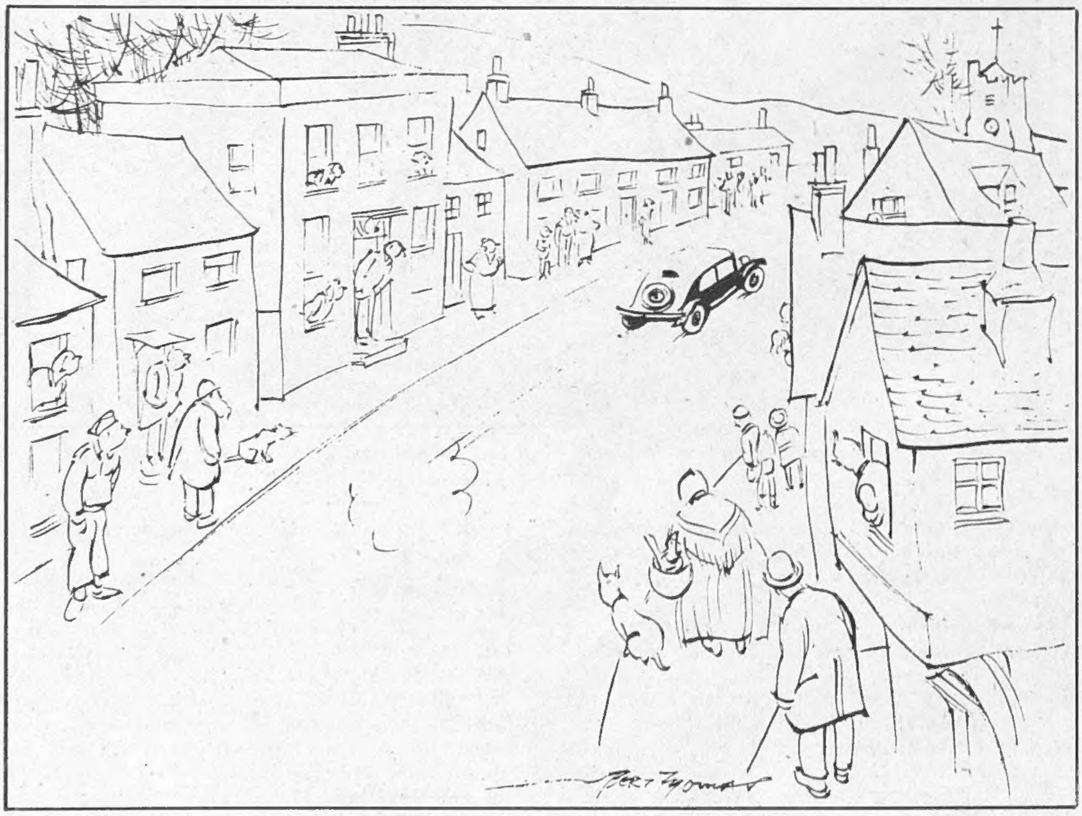
"Would the gentleman who threw this egg kindly come round to the stage door and tell me where he got it?"

DRAWN BY MICHAELSON.

Romeo, His Mark. From time immemorial, two crossed strokes have been a man's "mark." The cross doubled has sinister associations. Three crosses have always been of happier connotation. They have been the symbol either for a beverage of age and body, or for affectionate salutes, to be multiplied indefinitely according to taste and enthusiasm. Now these too have passed into the category of dark and forbidden things. The American Censor has banned them. Kill-joy and cynic that he is, he suspects them of belonging to the Fifth Column. Doughboy, if you send "Love and xxx," you are probably giving away a gun emplacement or the movements of a battleship; and the more x's there are, the more suspect you will be. Careless x's cost lives. Restrain your ardour, therefore. In my sweethearting days—oh, yes! *vixi puellis nuper idoneus*!—there was a convenient abbreviation, "C.Y.K.", which stood for "Consider Yourself Kissed." I am afraid you must be content with that, and I can only hope that it will not be taken for a code. If you know your Classics you can really worry the Censor by writing in Greek script a common word which, transliterated, reads *hekista*.

After Many Days.

Mr. T., formerly of the Merchant Service, lost his valuable denture when his ship was torpedoed. Months later, when he had resigned himself to the thought that "Those are pearls that were his teeth," they were sent him by the skipper, who had recovered them from salvage. Thus it comes to pass, as it hath been written, that if you cast your teeth upon the waters, they will return to you after many days. Doubtless that is why they are frequently immersed at night.



RARA AVIS. [DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.]

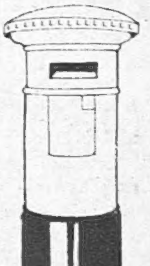
The fifty-second of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"LUMMY! WHAT NEXT WILL THEY INVENT IN SHAPE OF A BIKE?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—The Conductor has had to give up the Ladies' Choir since he became Duck-Minded. He told Mrs. Whinebite that he had only exchanged one set of Ducks for another, but she was not amused. He now spends nearly all his time in his garden talking to the Ducks, feeding the Ducks, or making them ponds. So far he has made them two ponds. One is called the Puddle-Slush, and is a small hollow filled with liquid mud, and the other is an artificial lake of great beauty, with rock-plants round the edge and a water-lily growing in the middle. The Ducks greatly prefer the Puddle-Slush, where they spend many happy hours—slushing. On the only occasion when the Conductor managed to coax Hilda, the most amenable of all the Ducks, and his favourite, into the lake, she immediately nipped off the water-lily by the head. Shortly after this, Hilda was found dead in her bed, and the Conductor, convinced that the water-lily had caused her death, pulled it up by the roots and threw it on the rubbish-heap. The autopsy on Hilda revealed death to be due to less polite causes, but the Conductor still blames the water-lily, and himself for having planted it.

"The Conductor managed to coax Hilda into the lake."

The only thing against the Conductor's Ducks is that they don't lay eggs. The Admiral suggested that he ought to get a Drake to give them inspiration, and the Conductor bought one for two pounds and called it Alexander, but the only inspiration Alexander gave was to lead the Ducks into Colonel Simpkins's garden next door and eat up all the young lettuces.

The Conductor says that his Ducks are a big expense to him. They cost a pound each to buy, and what with Alexander, and the autopsy on Hilda, and their food, he is greatly out of pocket. Colonel Simpkins suggested, rather bitterly, that they ought to be killed for the table.

The Conductor was frightfully upset by this remark, and came round to our house that evening to tell us about it. "I love them," he said haggardly.

"Don't worry," I said. "I feel sure that with Spring coming, and the news so good and everything, they'll begin laying eggs soon."

The Conductor was so grateful for my sympathy that he has called one of the Ducks Henrietta. She is small and thin, and a poor specimen on the whole, but the Conductor says she has sympathy and intuition.

Lady B. is very indignant because only ninety-five people voted for equal compensation for women who get injured in air raids. The usually genial atmosphere of her little flat was charged with sex-antagonism when we all met there after Church on Sunday morning to help her drink the bottle of sherry somebody had sent her for her birthday.

"I grudge every drop I pour into your glass," said Lady B. bitterly as she helped Colonel Simpkins.

Colonel Simpkins looked hurt. "*I* didn't vote against Equal Compensation," he said, like a little boy who has been given an undeserved smack.

"Would you have voted for it?" said Lady B., standing over him like the Avenging Angel.

Colonel Simpkins exchanged a quick look with the Admiral and shuffled with his feet. "It's all a matter of Economics," he said.

"Economics be damned!" said Lady B. "My limbs are worth as much to me as yours are to you; more, in fact, because I'm a poor widow-woman in reduced circumstances, and if I had only one arm I wouldn't be able to cook my food, whereas if you had only one arm Mrs. Simpkins would cook yours."

"I might be left a widower one day. Who knows?" said Colonel Simpkins.

"What did you say, Percy?" said little Mrs. Simpkins, sitting up, her cheeks very pink.

"'Would you have voted for it?' said Lady B."

"Life is very uncertain, my Love," mumbled the Colonel, for whom, I must say, my heart was bleeding.

"Well, if I were left a widow I know what I'd do," said little Mrs. Simpkins clearly and unexpectedly. "I'd move into a *much* smaller house, and I'd sell your roll-top desk."

After that there was an awkward silence, broken at last by Faith, who was home for the week-end and who is sometimes tactful more by mistake than good management. She was standing beside the Admiral, and she put one leg forward and pulled her skirt up well above the knee. "I really cannot see," she said, "why my legs should be considered less valuable than the Admiral's."

There was another silence—an awed one this time, because, of course, Faith's legs are famous all over the West Country. I often wonder where she gets her silk stockings. Personally, I think that people with legs like hers ought to have them provided by the Government because they do so much for morale. After that everybody cheered up. Lady B. kissed Colonel Simpkins and said she hadn't meant to hurt his feelings, and Colonel Simpkins said that if Lady B. lost an arm he would come and do her cooking himself, and Mrs. Simpkins said, "Come along home, you Old Flirt."

Afterwards, when Lady B. and I were getting the lunch—for Charles was out with the Home Guard, and I had taken down my sausage roll to heat in Lady B.'s oven—I said to her, "It's a good thing they've taken all the railings away, or you'd have been chained to them by now, shouting for Equal Compensation." Lady B., who was making some mustard in a cup, chuckled. Then she looked up at me very seriously. "No, I wouldn't, Henrietta," she said. "You can't do that sort of thing in wartime. That, of course, is where they score."—"But there's nothing to stop you making a fuss after the war," I said, "and having processions with injured women wheeled in chairs."—"Ah!" said Lady B. "The poor souls!"

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

"'I really cannot see why my legs should be considered less valuable than the Admiral's!'"

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

LANCE - BOMBARDIER DAVID WRIGHT, Royal Artillery—for being the creator of an ever-growing company of Wright's Lovelies, the Right girls for the Forces.

LANCE-BOMBARDIER DAVID WRIGHT, R.A., *is the artist responsible for the series of " Wright's Lovelies " which appear regularly as loose plates with each issue of " The Sketch." These delightful pictures of gay and sprightly modern girls adorn the walls of countless ward-rooms, cabins, messes and billets of serving men all over the world, and enliven the posts of members of the Civil Defence Services. Every " Sketch " reader is familiar with the Wright Girl's piquante grace and individual charm. She is undoubtedly the Right Girl for the Forces, for our plates are equally popular with the Royal Navy, the Army and the R.A.F.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THOSE Boulting twins, the youngest producer-director team in England, and to my knowledge the only geminal producer-director team anywhere in the world, seem certainly to have got what it takes to make interesting pictures. The twins have only made two major films. The first was " Pastor Hall," which won them repute, if not profuse financial gain. The second is " THUNDER ROCK," which you can see at the Empire now. I doubt myself whether " Thunder Rock " will prove to be the box-office hit of the year. I have a nasty suspicion that, like " Citizen Kane," it may be received in " the industrials " with coughs and shuffling, if not with actual jeers and groans. I hope not. I hope its passionate honesty will commend it to the sympathy of audiences. But in the sad event that it should prove a flop, it will certainly be a superb and gallant one.

" Thunder Rock " is quite obviously the work of people who have loved their theme. Brother John Boulting was released from the R.A.F. to produce it, and Brother Roy Boulting was borrowed from the Army to direct. Michael Redgrave, who played in the London stage version, was granted leave from the Navy to re-enact his original part. Mutz Greenbaum, the cameraman, has put into the film some of the most cunning and imaginative work of his career. And this is one piece in which the camera is as important as any actor. Some people will call " Thunder Rock " a " queer " film. It belongs to the same school as " Outward Bound " and " Berkeley Square." Six of its seven leading characters are dead, and the film moves freely backwards and forwards in time.

It opens in 1939, in the lonely lighthouse of Thunder Rock, on Lake Michigan. The keeper is an Englishman, an ex-journalist, David Charleston (Michael Redgrave). For years Charleston has been a European correspondent, has covered assignments in Geneva, in Italy, in the Spanish war, in Berlin, and in Maginot-minded France. For years he has tried in vain to make England listen to his warnings of war. But people laughed at him. " The Fascist nations," they told him, " are young, like puppies. They bark a lot, but they won't bite." In disgust, Charleston has given up the fight, and buried himself, with his thoughts, in this lonely lighthouse.

Thunder Rock is a fine place for thoughts. It is also a fine place for ghosts. High up in the wall stands a plaque : " In memory of the sailing-ship ' Land o' Lakes.' In 1849 the packet ' Land o' Lakes,' out of Buffalo, bound for Milwaukee, struck a reef and foundered. All hands were lost, including Captain Joshua Stuart and sixty passengers, immigrants from the Old World."

Charleston, introspective and embittered, has pored over the log-books of the " Land o' Lakes " so long that he has brought these immigrants to life. For his ghostly companions he has chosen five names at random from the passenger-list. There is Briggs (Frederick Cooper), a consumptive workman from the Potteries, expecting his tenth child. There is Miss Kirby (Barbara Mullen), a haggard spinster of forty, who has gone from gaol to gaol in her defence of women's rights. There is Dr. Kurtz (Frederick Valk), who has been hounded from Vienna for using anæsthetics on his patients. There is Mrs. Kurtz (Sybilla Binder) and their daughter, Melanie (Lilli Palmer). And ghost-in-chief, in charge of these ghostly passengers, is Captain Joshua Stuart (Finlay Currie), whom Charleston has taken into his confidence, and who alone knows that all of them are dead.

For a time Charleston has been happy with his ghosts, but now he feels an incompleteness in them. " They speak—they move—they feel—what 's lacking ? " he cries out, and the Captain answers, " Courage—that 's what 's lacking." The hands of the clock turn back, and Charleston sees the past life of these people, sees they are all running away from something, poverty, or ignorance, or oppression. In his post-knowledge, from his standpoint of a later century, he tries to give them confidence, to explain that they have only to stick to their guns and time will solve their problems. In a year, in two years, he says, there will be a doctor called Pasteur, a lawyer named Lincoln, a woman called Florence Nightingale. Faith is what they need, he cries, and is suddenly smitten by the query : Where is his own faith ? Why is *he* running away ?

Theatre-goers will notice that the end of the story has been changed. In the film Charleston realises at last that no man has the right to sit back and watch life from an ivory tower. In the play, which was written for New York production at a time when America was still trying to keep out of entanglements in foreign affairs, he compromised. Robert Ardrey, the author, was told by the Boultings of the proposed new ending. He cabled back his complete approval. " Thank you," he said, " for having the courage of my convictions."

" Thunder Rock " is a long film, just on two hours. It is not a film that you can drowse over, even should you wish to drowse. You have to see it from the beginning. You have to watch it to the end. You have to keep your mind alert all the time between. But you will find a hundred things to repay your study. Notice how daringly the story slips from present to past, without any fading or double exposure. Notice the curious slanting glide of the ghost figures when first they are introduced. This startling effect, got by building the set on a sloping stage and canting the cameras, so that the players appear to be leaning backwards, is the sort of trick that was common in the days of " Caligari " and " Warning Shadows," but is rare and exciting to-day. Notice the shrewd choice of character types for the small parts—the British Consul in Italy, the audience at the news-reel theatre, the tired lecture-hall attendant trying to sell books that no one wants to buy. It 's really quite a picture, " Thunder Rock." Yes, *Sir*, quite a picture.

" THE MAGIC FISH " (Tatler) is a Soviet film of a rather unusual kind. It is described as " A Russian Fairy Tale." It was made by the Children's Film Studio, Moscow, in 1938. It is a very simple-seeming picture. Once upon a time, it tells us, " in a certain far-away land," there lived a peasant, Yemelya.

THE BEST THEATRES.

Starred by " The Sketch." ******=highest value.***

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych : " WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Valerie Taylor. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. " ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge : " THE BELLE OF NEW YORK." Revival, with Evelyn Laye.

**Comedy : " MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." Raymond Lovell, well supported.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Margaret Rutherford.

*Garrick : " AREN'T MEN BEASTS." Robertson Hare ; Alfred Drayton in revival.

**Haymarket : " THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome : " LET'S FACE IT." Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood, Joyce Barbour. Cole Porter music.

***His Majesty's ; " DU BARRY WAS A LADY." Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe star in mad musical comedy with Cole Porter music. (Transferring to Phœnix, Dec. 22.)

**Lyric : " WALTZ WITHOUT END." Unexpected version of Chopin's life and music.

**New : Sadler's Wells season of ballet. Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann. Orchestra conducted by Constant Lambert.

**Palace : " FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium : " BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co. again.

**Prince of Wales : " GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver, Jeanne Ravel, Celia Lipton.

**Princes : " WILD ROSE." Jessie Matthews and Richard Hearne in lively musical comedy.

**St. Martins : " CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville : " FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy : " THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Stoll : " LILAC TIME." Revival, with George Graves, Derek Oldham, Frank Titterton, Irene Eisinger.

*Vaudeville : " MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. John Mills.

*Westminster : Season of Shakespeare, with Robert Atkins and first-rate cast.

*Wyndham's : " QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to " Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper ; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

One day Yemelya, drawing water from a broken ice-hole, finds a pike in his bucket. Out of the kindness of his heart, he spares the pike's life, although it would make a fine supper for his poor old mother and himself. In return for this favour the pike, who turns out to be a very special fish, with magic powers, promises to grant him all his wishes.

Yemelya starts off modestly. He wishes his water-buckets to run home by themselves. He wishes a fur coat for his mother. He wishes his saw to cut down trees without any help. He wishes—a tougher one, this—that summer should take the place of winter. And gradually he progresses into the higher magic class. The Tsar has announced that he will give the hand of his daughter to anyone who can make her laugh. Yemelya wishes himself into the palace on a cooking-stove, and makes her laugh. He carries his bride home by honeymoon stove express, and then The Chase Is On. The Tsar, suffering a change of heart, sends his soldiers to fetch the Princess back. Yemelya works the pike hard to keep off the pursuit. It all ends happily, with a bridal party of singing peasants, a châlet castle in the wood, flower garlands, and a lake with black and white swans.

You see, a charming and simple-seeming picture, gay and tuney, with engaging camera tricks. Just the thing for the children's Christmas treat. . . . But what about the propaganda? Well, what about it? . . . It 's true that the Tsar is a dotard and the Princess spoilt and peevish; that the royal guards are buffoons, and the courtiers inane and servile. It 's true that only the peasants seem to have the right slant on life; that the Tsar dozes away his days on a throne to which the crown and orb are attached, to save him the trouble of wearing or holding them. It 's true that this simple-seeming fairy-tale might be construed into a slashing satire on royalty and the bourgeois class. I say it *might*. After all, there were those who read into the Laurel and Hardy comedies a satire on capitalism. . . . But how many people are going out of their way to think along these lines, when they have a pleasant fairy-tale to watch and listen to, presented with a cosy, gentle, fireside commentary by Uncle Mac of the Children's Hour?

When MRS. LELA ROGERS, GINGER ROGERS' *mother, made her film début by playing Ginger's screen mother in Paramount's "The Major and the Minor" (Plaza, December 18), Mrs. Rogers' father,* MR. W. W. OWEN, *went to see this interesting event. This picture of Ginger with her mother and her grandfather was the result.*

Hitchcock fans and Donat fans alike will take pleasure in the revival of "THE 39 STEPS," at the Carlton—not to mention the Madeleine Carroll fans, who will find their idol a trifle less *soignée* but more matey than in recent pictures. Hitchcock, I have always suspected, took an impish delight in dragging his handsome stars through the vicissitudes of this film. You will remember how he made merry over a device with handcuffs—a theme that he repeated with variations in his latest Hollywood film, "Saboteur."

The handcuffs, along with the greater part of "The 39 Steps," are Hitchcock innovations. Except for the title and a situation or two, there isn't much left now of the Buchan spy story. But if the thing has lost some of the Tweedsmuir tang, it is, at any rate, rich in the Hitchcock touch. It is authentic pre-Hollywood Hitchcock, a dashing blend of the everyday and the macabre. And whatever Miss Carroll may have felt about her rough-and-tumble in the film's Highland glens, Mr. Donat patently enjoyed the experience. It was only the other day that I met him on the set of "Sabotage Agent," heavily disguised as a Rumanian Iron Guard, and he told me he "hadn't had so much fun since Hannay."

They might be sisters! GINGER, *impersonating her mother,* MRS. LELA ROGERS, *in "The Major and the Minor," shows just where she got her looks. She stars with Ray Milland, and her mother makes her first screen appearance.*

Should you run across a film called "QUEEN VICTORIA," with Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook, don't be misled by the title into thinking it yet a third Neagle biography of our dear Queen. It is a combination of "Sixty Glorious Years" and "Victoria the Great," in the proportion of about five to one. It was arranged by Herbert Wilcox, who has the best right to cut the earlier films, since he made them. I think you will like to see the Lives again, will find them moving, well written, sincerely acted and amazingly topical — a point which Mr. Wilcox almost certainly didn't overlook.

THIS WEEK'S SPOTLIGHT: WEDDINGS, TOY-MAKERS, WRENS, STARS, AND AN ACE PILOT.

Malta fighter ace P/O. GEORGE *("Screwball")* BEURLING, R.A.F., *holder of the D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M. and Bar, was welcomed home by* MR. MACKENZIE KING, *Canadian Prime Minister, at Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, when he returned recently. In the group are his father and mother, two brothers, other members of his family, and* AIR MARSHAL L. S. BREADNER, *Chief of the Air Staff, R.C.A.F.*

Shoreditch First-Aid Party turned their post into a toy workshop during the "blitz" lull. With wood salvaged from damaged buildings they have made a great variety of toys for distribution to children in the borough at a Christmas party. The MAYOR OF SHOREDITCH, COUNCILLOR J. S. SILLITOE, O.B.E., J.P. *called in to see them at their new work.*

DOROTHY DICKSON *and* LESLIE HENSON *were among the star auctioneers at Simpson's, Piccadilly, of 200 dolls, representing the 157 nationalities in the U.S.S.R., designed for the Women's Anglo-Soviet Committee by Doris Zinkeisen. The proceeds will provide medical supplies for the Red Army.*

The wedding of MISS ELIZABETH KING *to* SQUADRON LEADER DENNIS HAYLEY BELL, D.F.C., *took place at the Savoy Chapel. He is the brother of* MARY HAYLEY BELL, *who wrote "Men in Shadow," at the Vaudeville; her husband,* JOHN MILLS, *the leading man, was best man.*

TWO "MET." GIRL WRENS *measure speed and direction of the upper winds at a Fleet Air Arm station ashore, H.M.S. "Vulture," where over 150 Wrens act as "spotters," course plotters, mechanics, gun assemblers, parachute packers, meteorologists and electricians.*

At St. Mark's, N. Audley Street, CAPTAIN *the* HON. MICHAEL ASTOR, *third son of Viscount and Viscountess Astor, and* MISS BARBARA McNEILL, *daughter of Captain Ronald McNeill, late Irish Guards, and Mrs. John Dewar, married recently.*

Another picture from H.M.S. "Vulture" shows two WREN RADIO MECHANICS *leaving a Fulmar aircraft after a radio-testing flight. This work has been added to the large number of Wren jobs which release a man for fighting duties.*

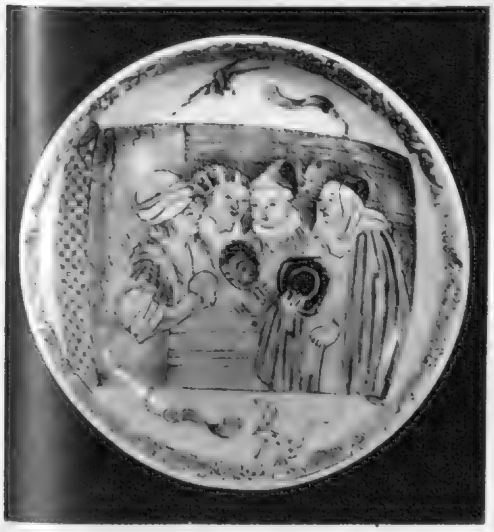
A Chinese artist's conception of a European couple, surrounded by Chinese works of art: a Ch'ien Lung (1736-96) ruby-back saucer dish of rare design.

A Dutch explorer on a shaggy elephant followed by retainers in European dress: decoration for a tea and coffee service of the Yung Cheng period.

A European gallant and a Chinese lady in a Chinese house watching her toy dog oppose his duckwing cock: a plate of the Ch'ien Lung period.

A classical subject copied from an eighteenth-century print, and "translated" into Celestial idiom: Juno and her chariot as decoration for a Ch'ien Lung teapot.

A Chinese artist's conception of a Dutchman and his lady: possibly a portrait-group of Admiral Duf and his wife. Early Ch'ien Lung.



Chinese version of the print of a Watteau picture of figures from the Italian comedy, as decoration for a saucer.

What a European eighteenth-century gentleman looked like to the Chinese: an amusing figure decorating a famille-rose tea-caddy.

A French sportsman "translated" into Chinese decoration: a plate adorned with a huntsman, surrounded with hounds, sounding the kill.

THE CHINESE IDEA OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY EUROPEANS.

CHINESE porcelain decorated with European subjects is one of the amusing minor manifestations of the ceramic art of our great Eastern Ally. Much was made under the Manchu Emperors Yung Cheng and Ch'ien Lung (1723-36 and 1736-96), and gives an idea of how Europeans of that period looked to the Chinese. The pieces illustrated on this page were due for sale at Sotheby's on December 11.

The reception and enquiry desk: at this point newly-joined front-line workers make their first acquaintance with the hostel.

Simple, but compact, private and comfortable: a typical bedroom in a front-line workers' hostel.

"HOSTELITY" HOSPITALITY BY THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY.

"HOSTELITY" hospitality by the Ministry of Supply is solving the problem of creating comfortable living conditions for the front-line workers in the munition factories—the girls on whom the Forces depend for their supply of essential weapons of war. Our photographs give some idea of the modern planning and good arrangements which characterise a Ministry of Supply Hostel in the north-east of England. Every girl has her own bedroom, small, but adequately furnished with a bed, hanging cupboard, chest of drawers, mirror and chair. There are six baths to every block, and in addition, an ample installation of wash-basin cubicles, screened by curtains. Meals are served in the large, well-lit canteen.

In the huge canteen where the personnel may enjoy good, well-prepared meals.

H. and C. always ready: one of the well-arranged bathrooms. There are six bathrooms to each block.

Wash-basin cubicles with a curtain for privacy: an up-to-date feature of the new hostels.

Quiet, airy and spacious. The writing-room in a Ministry of Supply hostel, well equipped with plenty of tables and chairs.

The assembly-hall. Four games of table-tennis can be played at once; there is a stage for theatrical performances, and the hall can be used as a cinema.

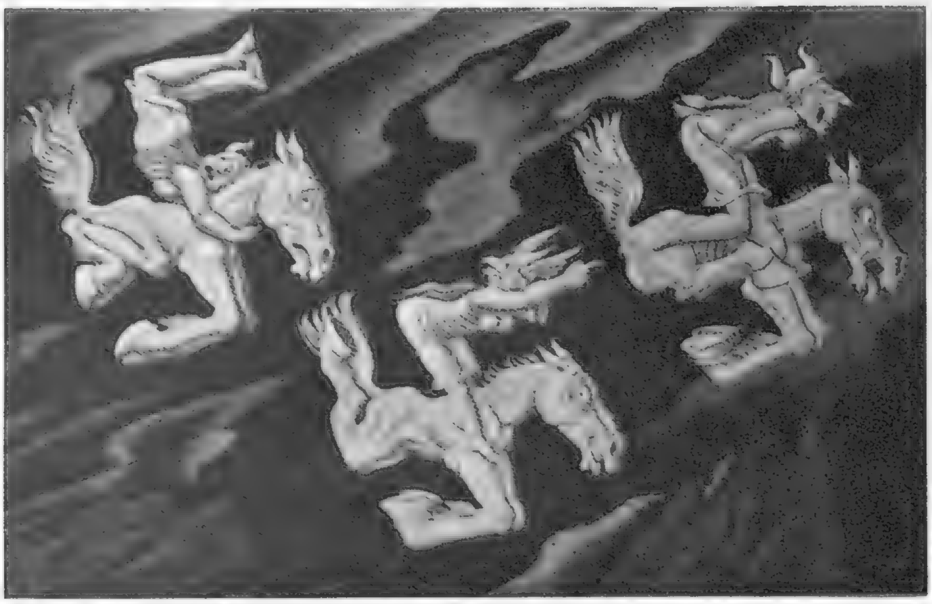
HOW THE FRONT-LINE FACTORY WORKERS LIVE.

THE amenities of the Ministry of Supply hostels for front-line factory workers have been carefully designed to meet the tastes and requirements of healthy young people. The writing-room is well supplied with tables, and provides an atmosphere in which it is easy to get off those important letters for home and overseas; the library is cosy, and contains books of every kind; and there is a well-arranged café for gay chatter and convivial social gatherings, and a fine spacious recreation - hall for games and for stage and cinema shows.

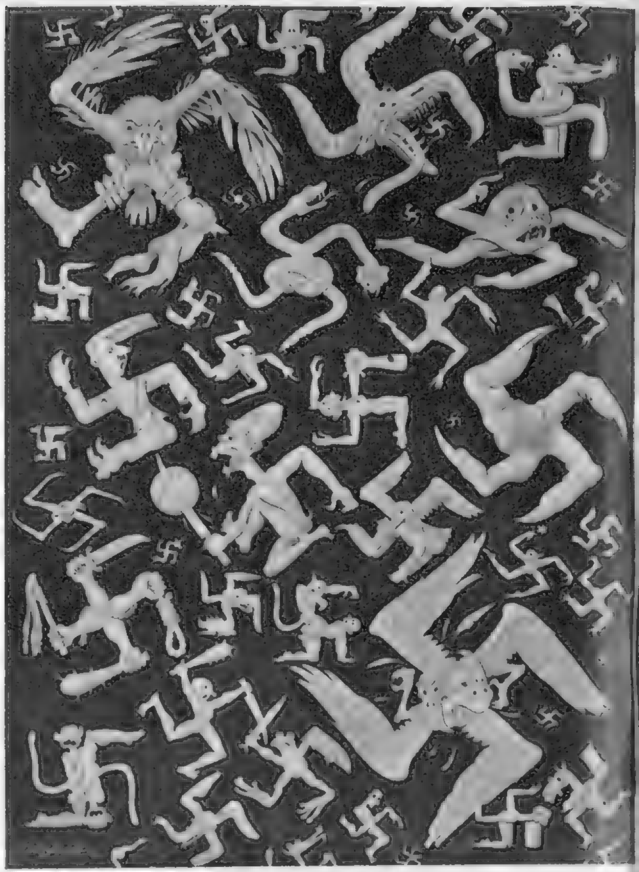
The cosy lounge, with easy chairs, occasional tables, and a piano.

The café. A social meeting-place, where workers can smoke, chat, and enjoy light refreshment.

For the studious. A corner of the well-stocked library, where books and papers can be read in complete peace.



Symbolic of the cruel new German mythology which inspires Hitler's creed: the Valkyrie plunging across the sky like drunken witches.



Right: The spirit of the Crooked Cross: Witches' Sabbath of horrific Swastika manifestations of brutishness and cruelty.

The modern Attila overruns Europe: a symbolic picture of the Nazi hordes, led by Hitler, piping the New Order discords, and bringing a trail of blood and oppression in their wake.

SWASTIKA NIGHTMARE OF OPPRESSED EUROPE: THE NEW GERMAN MYTHOLOGY AS A RUSSIAN-BORN ARTIST SEES IT.

N.B. A Coloured plate

The Axis in action: Spider Hitler weaves bonds round the Fascist rods which enclose Mussolini. Japan's sun is sinking in the west.

Artzybasheff's design for the new Nazi flag which flies over thousands of dead: the Crooked Cross on a blood-red background stained with finger-prints.

Nightmare vision of the oppressors of Europe: Hitler, medal-heavy Goering, Goebbels braying into the loud-speaker, smirking Himmler and simian Laval trapped by the Nazi octopus.

THE black horror of Nazi oppression, and the limitless evil of the Creed of the Crooked Cross have never been better expressed than by these symbolic drawings by Russian-born artist, Boris Artzybasheff. They are, of course, inspired by the work of Hieronymus Bosch (1460c.-1518), and of Peeter Brueghel the Younger (1564-1638c.), both painters whose works are peopled with terrifying demons, unclean half-human monsters, evil sprites and hobgoblins, but nothing that Bosch or Brueghel imagined can vie with the fiendish manifestations of the Nazi spirit which now oppresses almost the whole continent of Europe—and it is this terrible and inhuman creed which Artzybasheff has so brilliantly exposed in his drawings. Hitler, as everyone knows, based his philosophy on the cruel old Teutonic legends, so the unnatural, predatory Valkyrie reeling across the storm-racked sky are a fit introduction to the symbolic drawings of the Nazi leaders. [FROM THE DRAWINGS BY BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF.]

...serted in this issue.

"THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR": MASQUERADE BY GINGER.

An anxious moment! Sue (GINGER ROGERS), *dressed up as a twelve-year-old, tries to board the train with a half-fare ticket.*

Sue gets away with it. Having convinced Phillip Kirby (RAY MILLAND) *that she is a child, she is allowed to sleep in a spare berth in his compartment.*

Phillip Kirby explains the working of a model cannon to Sue, whom he believes to be a charming twelve-year-old girl.

Sue dances with Cadet Osborne (FRANKIE THOMAS) *at the Students' Ball. His father is present and recognises her as the wild hairdresser from New York.*

Sue with Phillip Kirby. Kirby's fiancée suspects that Sue is not just an innocent little girl, and there has been trouble.

GINGER ROGERS' latest Paramount picture, "THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR," is due at the Plaza on December 18. It has a perfectly preposterous story, with a pretty high entertainment content, about a young hairdresser who breaks an egg over the head of an obstreperous customer, and masquerades as a little girl in order to get home on a half-fare ticket. Major Phillip Kirby befriends her, gets into trouble with his fiancée and takes the "child" back to the military academy where he instructs. More complications follow, and Ginger finds herself masquerading as a matron of forty-odd—her own mother, and gets away with that, too! However, in the last sequences she reverts to her own age, and is off to Nevada to marry the somewhat bewildered Phillip.

Another bit of masquerade work: Sue pretends to Phillip that she is her own mother, Mrs. Applegate.

" DAYDREAMS."

A suite in three movements dedicated to FRANCES DAY, *inspired this artist's fantasy. The suite, " The Dream Is Born," " The Dream Awakes " and " The Dream Comes True," was written by Mr. Harry Jacobson, Miss Day's accompanist, and composer of many of her greatest successes. The Navy has claimed him for the war, but his " Daydreams " will shortly be made into a ballet. Frances Day continues to draw a full house at His Majesty's in " Dubarry Was a Lady."*

DRAWN BY STANLEY PARKER.

"SALUDOS AMIGOS":

EL GAUCHO GOOFY, *of* "SALUDOS AMIGOS": *Goofy lands in Argentina, and dances* el pala pala *with his horse.*

A gaucho's best friend is his horse: Goofy realises this, and the horse, it seems, agrees.

"SALUDOS AMIGOS," Walt Disney's latest picture, distributed by R.K.O. Radio, is the result of a trip which he, accompanied by fifteen of his principal assistants, made to South America. It consists of four episodes animated in Technicolor, welded into an over-all story by live action colour-films of the high lights of the Disney party's trip. In addition, some of the most beautiful spots in Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru and

[*Continued opposite.*

(Right) Saddles used by gauchos are ample, and have many layers of this and that, as they are used as beds. Goofy tries this out.

WALT DISNEY, *prospecting for new ideas, travelled thousands of miles in South America. He's studying the scenery.*

Walt Disney as a débutant dance at a party given F. Molina

"LAKE TITICACA." *Donald Duck, dressed in a typical costume of the Peruvian-Bolivian-Andes region, rides a llama and plays the flute.*

"AQUARELA DO BRASIL." *Donald Duck* JOSÉ CARIOCA, *witty,*

DISNEY IN LATIN AMERICA.

PEDRO, *the little mail-'plane, meets a fierce condor when on his first flight over the Andes from Chile.*

Before leaving on his first trip, Pedro gets instructions from Mama: " Remember, Pedro," she says, " keep your muffler on tight."

n an Argentine provincial 'or him by caricaturist Campos.

Walt even became expert with the Mexican lasso during his survey trip of Latin America with fifteen of his chief assistants.

Pedro, the Chilean aeroplane, has to go to ground school to learn the A.B.C. of flying.

Continued.]
Bolivia are shown, and an outstanding portion of the live section is devoted to the carnival in Rio. " Lake Titicaca," " Pedro," " El Gaucho Goofy " and " Aquarela do Brasil " are the titles of the four episodes. The closing feature of " Saludos Amigos " is " Aquarela do Brasil " (" Brazilian Water-colour "), based on the song by Ary Barroso, in which the new Disney creature, José Carioca, the parrot, makes his début.

'o-stars with a new Disney character, ophisticated Brazilian parrot.

JOSÉ CARIOCA, *the Brazilian parrot, introduces Donald Duck to cachaca. Donald at first thinks it is soda pop, but soon finds it has some kick!*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"THE Years of Endurance" are the years between 1793 and 1802, when the Revolutionary Government of France, having overpowered resistance at home, attempted by force of arms to spread its ideas over the world. As the war went on it tended to become less ideological and more imperialistic. Napoleon was conqueror first and Jacobin second. But he too promised a New Order; to Britain, for instance, he meant to restore "popular enthusiasm, national unanimity and simplicity of object"; and "Pitt . . . repeatedly reminded his countrymen that they were at war with armed opinions."

Against this double assault on the liberties of Europe Britain resolutely turned her face. The story of the struggle has often been told, but never more vividly, or with a keener sense of the issues involved, than Mr. Bryant tells it here. It was to last for twenty-two years; Mr. Bryant deals with the first phase, which ended with the Peace of Amiens—the uneasy peace which turned out to be no more than a breathing-space, and in which, thanks to Napoleon's astuteness and the inexperience of our statesmen, we made needless concessions; for Nelson's great victories of the Nile and Copenhagen had established a supremacy at sea which was ultimately to win us the day. But the nation—all the nations, for that matter—were war-weary, and Napoleon's clever feint at invasion, made while negotiations for peace were in progress, unduly flustered Addington's Government. Nelson's operations off Boulogne, unsuccessful though they were, proved that a landing was not feasible. "The craft which I have seen," he wrote, "I do not think it possible to *row* to England; and sail they cannot."

Then and Now. The saying that history repeats itself has been both accepted as a truism and dismissed as a fallacy. But the similarities between the Napoleonic War and the situation in which we find ourselves now are too striking to be overlooked. I will quote a few of the many that Mr. Bryant enumerates.

The reader will see . . . the proscription, imprisonment and murder of political opponents, the denial—in the name of liberty and patriotism—of all freedom of speech and, as the appetite for blood grew, an orgy of sadistic cruelty, indulged not only as a deliberate instrument of policy, but, by the baser sort of Jacobin, for its own sake. He will see mass hatred employed as a motive force and ideological ends held out as justifying every means, however base and destructive. He will see a "Great Nation" denying all morality but the pursuit of its own interests and using, as part of its technique of conquest, a propaganda appealing to directly contradictory interests, and a diplomacy which pretended peace while planning war and which overran its victims' territories by hordes of agents acting as the advance guard of armies. He will see its unconscious allies or dupes in every decaying eighteenth-century State turned by war into "fifth columnists" and by defeat into "quislings."

Napoleon and Hitler. "It would be easy to carry the parallel too far," he adds, for the ideals which inspired the French Revolution were at the outset generous and noble; until they began to be applied they had little in common with those of the Nazi creed. But though aware of the danger of stressing resemblances between then and now, he sometimes runs it, especially in the close and frequent comparisons he draws, or infers, between Napoleon and Hitler—two men whose common quality of fanaticism had in each a very different source. Moreover, whatever his crimes against humanity, Napoleon was not wholly a de-civilising influence; unless we are prepared to set aside traditional judgments, and accept Lord Acton's dictum that nearly all great men are bad men, we must admit that to his name attaches a grandeur and a glamour that never can be Hitler's. But this is only a small flaw in a work that has the fascination as well as the dignity of history.

Evil as a Force. In Sir Hugh Walpole's posthumous novel, "The Killer and the Slain," we find some of the ideas that underlay his earlier books dragged to the surface and made explicit. His belief in evil as a force almost as demonstrable as electricity was very evident in such a novel as "The Old Ladies," but it was subdued to the æsthetic purpose of the book; it contributed to the creepy atmosphere, to the growing tension between the characters, and its symbol was the inanimate object that one of them so desperately coveted. But the laws of Nature were not violated, nor was the sense of probability unduly strained. We were aware of evil, but only as an intensification or corruption of normal motives and desires.

"The Killer and the Slain," which is dedicated to the author of "The Turn of the Screw," goes much further than this. In the form of Jimmie Tunstall evil is personified. He is, almost literally, a limb of Satan, and in his loving persecution of the hero, John Talbot, might stand for the Devil in quest of a human soul. From their schooldays Jimmie has exercised over his victim a sinister influence, based on the latter's dread of him; in manhood, that influence is renewed. Unable to free himself, John takes the extreme step of pushing his tormentor over a cliff; but to no purpose. John finds himself first haunted by the dead man, and then possessed.

Possession. Doubtless demoniacal possession is not beyond the bounds of possibility, and there are many instances of it in literature. But the physical symptoms of transformation need very careful handling. They can be made effective to the imagination either if hinted at, as would have been Hawthorne's method, or boldly taken for granted, as David Garnett did in "Lady into Fox." Sir Hugh Walpole takes the most difficult way; he describes the changes by which John assumed Jimmie's bodily characteristics realistically, step by step, leaving nothing to conjecture—a method which convinces neither one's reason nor one's imagination. The result is that "The Killer and the Slain" does not achieve any kind of reality, either on the natural or the supernatural plane; and the characters, seen through the eyes of the possessed man, seem unreal too. As a work of art the book is a failure. And so intense is the author's absorption in the physical aspect of John's case that it obscures the spiritual meaning which he meant to convey: the sense of the struggle between good and evil is lost sight of—the more readily, perhaps, because John Talbot does not seem to have been a specially amiable character even before he was invaded by Jimmie Tunstall.

Nevertheless, Sir Hugh Walpole believed in the story himself, and something of the urgency of his conviction comes through to the reader.

On Friday, December 18, PRINCE WILLIAM, *son of T.R.H. the* DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, *will be one year old, in honour of which this special birthday picture was taken. The baby Prince inherits royal blood on both sides, for his mother is descended, through her father, the late Duke of Buccleuch, from James Duke of Monmouth, who was Charles II.'s favourite son.*

A Chinese War Novel. Anglo-Saxons writing about China tend to dwell on the aspects of Oriental civilisation which differ from ours, whereas a Chinese writer naturally takes those aspects for granted. Perhaps that is why Mr. T'ien Chün's picture of China in "Village in August" seems less strange than, say, Mrs. Buck's impression of it in "The Good Earth." There is another reason too: Mr. Chün's subject is the Sino-Japanese War, and war, though it takes many different forms, has the same spirit and is a great leveller.

Mr. Chün's unit is a small detachment of the "People's Anti-Japanese Revolutionary Army" fighting against heavy odds in Manchuria. At least one of its leaders has lately been a bandit, and the people of the countryside, only too used to bandits, are slow to recognise the national spirit that animates General Ch'en Chu's little force. That is one of his difficulties; another is to make his men submit to discipline or understand the need for it—a task complicated by the presence of two women in the ranks, Amazons with more than a touch of Aphrodite. The chief episode in the book, apart from sundry skirmishes, is the General's forcible occupation of a house belonging to a Chinese capitalist who acquiesces in the Japanese domination: he and his wife are shot, and the execution, soon noised abroad, awakens the neighbourhood to the ideological implications of the war.

"Village in August" is a propaganda novel, but the author is an artist and observer as well as a partisan, and he gives us a good idea of what the war means to Chinese of all shades of opinion.

Murder and the Black-Out. When X decided to commit a murder at No. 1, Brandon Street, he did not realise that living in a flat in the same house was the renowned private detective, Mr. Arthur Crook. Mr. Crook's first witness in the case, Mr. T. Kersey, called by Mr. Crook, who liked to be facetious, Tea Cosy, told him that he found himself "at a loss in dealing with the Englishman's idea of American dialects"—a hit at the breezy Crook, who favoured that mode of speech. Mr. Anthony Gilbert's story takes place just after the Great Blitz; he makes skilful and creepy use of black-out regulations. Shudders abound in "The Case of the Tea-Cosy's Aunt," and there is at least one moment—when Sigrid leaves the hospital—of almost unbearable excitement. Mr. Gilbert is to be congratulated on the ambiguous glimpses, reminding one of the clues in a cross-word puzzle, that he gives us into the murderer's mind: they are not really misleading and have, for those who are in the know, the rare quality of dramatic irony.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Years of Endurance, 1793-1802. By Arthur Bryant. *(Collins; 12s. 6d.)*
The Killer and the Slain. By Hugh Walpole. *(Macmillan; 8s. 6d.)*
Village in August. By T'ien Chün. *(Collins; 8s. 6d.)*
The Case of the Tea-Cosy's Aunt. By Anthony Gilbert. *(Collins; 8s. 6d.)*

GARLAND OF THE GRACES.

JUDY GARLAND, *M.-G.-M.'s young song-and-dance star, gives some first-rate numbers in her new picture,* "FOR ME AND MY GAL." *She plays a young singer who is trying to make her way in the world of vaudeville, and finally gets right there—and perches on the top of the tree. George Murphy, Gene Kelly and Marta Eggerth appear with her in this film.*

Duke Mantee, the gangster (HARTLEY POWER), shoots Alan Squier (OWEN NARES) in the bar of the desert road-house.

SHOTS AND PSYCHOLOGY: "THE PETRIFIED FOREST."

"THE PETRIFIED FOREST," notable psychological drama by Robert Emmet Sherwood, the American playwright, is due at the Globe Theatre on Wednesday, December 16, with Owen Nares and Constance Cummings in the principal rôles, played, it will be

[Continued below.

Gabby Maple (CONSTANCE CUMMINGS) *supports her lover, Alan Squier, after Duke Mantee has shot him.*

Continued.]
remembered, by Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in the screen production of some little time ago. The play had its first English production in Liverpool, where it ran for a week before coming to London. The scene is set in 1934 in a desert road-house, the Black Mesa, a petrol station and lunch-bar in the Eastern Arizona desert. The characters include the ruthless gangster, Duke Mantee, played by Hartley Power, the penniless Alan Squier, and the young girl Gabby, whose vivid youth fascinates both Alan and the garage-hand, Boze Hertzlinger. Alan's only asset is his life-insurance policy, and the high spot in the play is when he asks the gangster to shoot him so that Gabby may benefit by his death. The siege of the road-house in which Mantee and his gang are at bay is most dramatically and realistically presented.

Left: Startling suggestion! Alan Squier asks Duke Mantee to shoot him so that his sweetheart, Gabby, may enjoy his life-insurance money.

Gabby Maple declares her love for Alan Squier. Alan has no money—indeed, his only asset is his life-insurance policy.

Gabby Maple is also beloved by garage-hand Boze Hertzlinger (ROBERT BEATTY).

The siege of the Black Mesa Bar, B.Q.: Duke Mantee, the gangster, and his crew at bay; Alan Squier and Gabby Maple are lying on the floor under the table on the left, trying to keep out of the line of fire.

HAPPY CHANCE.*

By JOANNA MARKHAM.

IT was a house that had seen better days, but near by high-explosive had chipped it, broken window-frames and windows. Borough workmen had done the minimum of mending, so that the house could be listed "habitable" and the rooms let to workers crowding back to London.

But not all the lodgers were workers; some led much the same life as they did before, reduced as were their circumstances—Miss Starling, for instance, with the Pekes. She walked them many times a day to the neighbouring square gardens, and as she tripped along, her dyed hair glinting, people in the shops would say, "She's looked like that for thirty years. Funny how she clings to life, and all these young chaps being bumped off every day."

But far from clinging to life, it was life that clung to her: nor could she see a way to shake it off. Inside her frail body beat a heart that yearned to do heroic deeds. She envied the boys up in the skies, the men upon the waters. She was old—too old to be of any use. She felt she had no right to rations. All her family were dead. She was left alone—alone with Boo-Sang and Jing-Soo, to whom she gave the meat to which she was entitled; her sweets and sugar went to children in the mews.

After enduring a month of the autumn "blitz" of 1940 she had left London for the comparative safety of the country. In the lull she had returned. Those dreadful bombers would never come again: our air defences were now too strong.

One evening as she loitered, waiting as usual for the Pekes, a handsome couple passed her. He saluted and she smiled. They lived in rooms beneath her own. She believed him to be a Polish officer. He and his wife—for such, of course, she must be—left the house about nine o'clock each morning. They doubtless met after their work to travel back together. Miss Starling sighed. What would anything matter—exile, poverty—if there were two of you to share it?

It was seven o'clock when she reached the house, and having slowly climbed the stairs—"Be careful of that heart," the doctor said—dried the paws and tummies of the Pekes, and put on her coatee of sequins, it was time for dinner. So down she went to the basement dining-room, where she sat at her small table, dimly smiling to herself. Then, having eaten the uninteresting meal, for she was hungry, she went upstairs again.

One late September evening Major Franz Morowsky sat on his balcony in the dusk. It was a Saturday, fine and warm; he wore a silk shirt, open at the neck, his feet were on the balustrade, and, looking the picture of content, he was reading "Grey Eminence." Presently he put down the book to watch his wife preparing coffee in the lighted room.

How forbidding and austere that furnished room had looked when they first set eyes on it, but Margarete had transformed it, making it light, harmonious and gay. The bedroom of the so-called flatlet—doubtless in Victorian days the "study"—looked on to the sombre garden at the back. The room was built-out, having a flat roof and a skylight, now, of course, blacked-out.

The bay was filled with French windows which, though bulged by "blitz," were yet strong and solid, with small leaded panes. Only one was made to open, and from it a few steps led down into the garden. A strong wire frame was fitted to it, the key of the padlock hanging on a nail near by, and no doubt it was a good idea, for one could safely leave the room with the window open.

Now Margarete, having brought the coffee, settled into an easy chair.

"How good," said Franz. "Give me some more."

She was smoking a Turkish cigarette in a long black holder. Her oval face was framed in the fashionable roll of hair, a skilfully-done curl, bleached to a lighter shade of auburn and poised above it slightly to one side, giving height and dignity. Large grey eyes, under dark brows, gazed steadily at Franz.

He was thinking how well her black suit set off her graceful lines. Her pale face and bright-red drooping mouth aroused his compassionate love. Her gaze shifted to the ugly buildings opposite, but he saw that to her they were invisible. She was seeing far-off things.

"Tell me, my sweet," he said.

Her face lighted with amusement. "I was thinking of how first we met, at that lunch-party at the Gelerts."

"And I took you to see the swimming-pool with the artificial waves . . ."

"And from then you chased me, as the English say."

"Untiringly. Do you regret it?"

For answer she put her hand in his. Part of the charm she had for him was that she said so little. They were silent, while he thought she had not counted the cost when she married him—a Pole—his country already menaced, and so soon to be overwhelmed. When he, with a remnant of his regiment, effected a hazardous escape to England, she managed, after a few months, to join him.

And now they lived the life of exiles. He thought of Hungary, and that first enchanting spring . . . and of her home, a stately mansion run on patriarchal lines. . . . Now she had two rooms in this ugly house, having gladly thrown in her lot with his.

So swiftly do thoughts travel that he had been silent for only a few minutes. She was lighting another cigarette; the flame lit up the growing darkness. He caught the gleam of her burnished head.

"I like the new way your hair is done."

"So do I; but it cost a fortune. I went to Carlo's in the lunch-hour. He sent me in coffee and a sandwich."

"Everybody spoils you."

"Yes, you most of all."

"Can you wonder?"

Presently she asked him: "Do you think the *Luftwaffe* will launch another great attack on London?"

"Not, I imagine, while they are held up in the East. I must leave you for two or three nights next week to meet my M.I. chief in Scotland, but I'll be back the first moment possible." He looked at his watch. "Time's up," he said.

They strolled into the lighted room, his arm around her.

"That bowl of red roses looks well," he said.

"It was dear of you to send them, Franz. I gave a few to the nice old lady with the dogs."

He sat down at the piano, his long hands lingering on the keys, his dark head bowed. "What shall I play you to-night, my sweet?"

"'Promenade,' by Bartok, then some Ravel, then Debussy."

"And then to bed," he whispered.

And the music faintly floated in at Miss Starling's window, where the red roses, which made her heart feel warm, glowed against the darkening sky.

Some few nights later Miss Starling, sleeping profoundly, did not hear the sirens, nor the guns barking afar off. Suddenly a nearby crash awakened her, startled and confused. Zoom-er, zoom-er, zoom—crackle and snap of guns! There was no mistaking it! Thank Heaven her slippers were the right way round . . . her torch at hand! Groping her way into her siren-suit, she turned the torch upon Boo-Sang and Jing-Soo, who were cowering in their baskets, having lost their usual nonchalance.

"Don't be frightened, darlings," she adjured them. But her heart was pounding.

A few moments later whistles sounded: incendiary bombs had fallen. She crept to the door, but on opening it, was driven back by smoke and fumes. To get downstairs that way was quite impossible. Turning to hurry to the window, she tripped up in the dark, and as she lay upon the floor an explosion shook the house, followed by the sickening sound of falling masonry.

Trembling and shaken, she got up and cautiously approached the window, drawing back the curtains. Starring the sky were flaming parachute flares, exploding shells. The buildings across the garden were reflecting fires near by. Then, to her horror, she noticed that the Morowskys' bedroom skylight had been broken, perhaps by an incendiary bomb, for smoke was pouring from it. She heard a sound of muffled cries.

Suddenly, she remembered that Major Morowsky was away: his lovely young wife must be alone.

The blood of her forbears—men of action, on the frontier, in the desert—raced through her old veins. Her brain was wonderfully clear. Seizing from the bed the quilt, and the poker from the tiny fireplace, she dropped them on the roof beneath. Now she must descend the vertical iron ladder, but it was far from easy to gather herself upon the window-sill. A nice sense of balance was needed to release a leg when crouching there and to place a foot upon a rung.

"Damn my old body!" she exclaimed.

But, in spite of it, she achieved the task, lowering herself safely to the roof, feeling the while a terrible sensation as of lying suspended on her back.

Once down, it was but a matter of a moment to throw the quilt and poker into the garden. Practice makes perfect, and to descend the second section of the ladder was less difficult. Then, rushing round the angle of the built-out room, she found Mme. Morowsky struggling with the strong wire frame which gave protection to the open window: doubtless she had lost the key.

Against the confused background of the burning room the dark and frantic figure struggled, her clothes on fire. It was but a second's work for Miss Starling to locate the quilt and poker; then, gathering all that remained to her of life, she wrenched open the wire frame with the poker, and wrapped the quilt round Margarete.

By now the section leader with his men was battering in the door. When they subdued the flames they found the two women lying on the lawn.

Margarete, though suffering from shock, was scarcely injured. Miss Starling undoubtedly was dead, but her face wore a look of supreme content.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

Until then . . .

Tyres will be scarcer

With what a sigh of relief *some* things will go into the bin when " throwing away " is no longer a war time sin. Until then, the more we salvage the quicker will our enemies be defeated. Rubber especially must be treated as something precious and probably irreplaceable. If you must use your car for essential work check up tyre pressure periodically and do not exceed 30 m.p.h. Tyre-watching is just as important a duty as fire-watching.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88, REGENT STREET, W.1

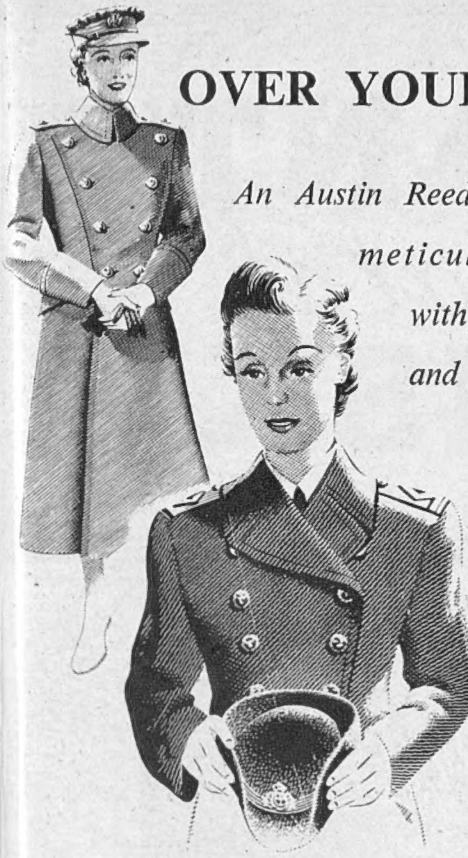
Ford

WOMEN IN WARTIME

SERVICEABLE FURS — SIMPLE HATS

IT was a happy thought on the part of Erik to design hats of Viyella to match or strike a contrast with the blouse. Illustrated on the top of this page is a model carried out in this material, showing a small navy and white check design. The boater below is a study in lime green and brown trimmed with petersham. Very practical are the neat Viyella frocks; they are reinforced with an accessory of the berthe character which can be arranged to suggest a plastron in front and revers at the back or vice versa. The skirt is cut on the cross, while the corsage is plain. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that this fabric is British-made, and everything is done to maintain its high standard of excellence. Further particulars regarding its many advantages may be obtained from Viyella, Old Change, E.C.

THERE is no doubt about it that at Percy Vickery's, 245, Regent Street, wonderful value is to be obtained for coupons. A feature is made of hard-wearing furs which are, at the same time, becoming. It is in these salons that the musquash model portrayed above is to be seen. It is well tailored and the skins are skilfully worked. Then there are the natural cross fox wraplets, some with sleeves, while others are innocent of the same. Neither must the long coats in various furs be overlooked. Those of Persian paw and brown seal are from 79 guineas. They are fitting, the skirt portions being endowed with an attractive fullness. Those who are looking forward to the spring will be pleased to learn that here is assembled a limited number of short coats and stoles in silver and other foxes. A revival is the three- and four-strand baum martin stoles, giving a charming finish to wellnigh any frock.



OVER YOUR UNIFORM

An Austin Reed greatcoat combines meticulous workmanship with the finest, warmest and most weather-worthy material available

AUSTIN REED *of Regent Street*

Women's Service Branches: Aldershot, Bath, Bournemouth, Edinburgh, Leeds, Liverpool, Loughborough, Manchester, Oxford, Southampton. London Telephone: Regent 6789.

Give a GIFT TOKEN this Christmas, **5/-, 10/-** or **20/-**. Acceptable in over sixty London and Provincial stores.

"Getting your Stripes"

at Christmas but planning ahead to the Spring.

Two "Utility" Blouses, both equally charming and irresistible—why not choose them both and ring the changes with a different style and different colour? Both have yoked and gathered back, are well cut, and comfortable in wear. In soft artificial silk pin-stripe material in a most attractive range of colours: Turquoise/white stripe, gold/white, pink/white, blue/white, green/white, tomato/white, raspberry/white or grey/white. Sizes S.S.W., S.W. and W.

Please state second choice of colour when ordering.

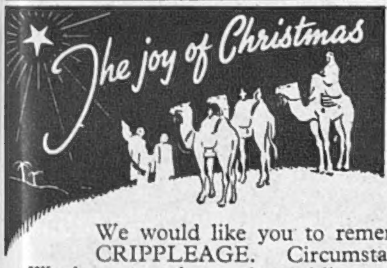
"Pandora"—*with open neck,* **16/11**

"Primula"—*with high neck,* **16/5**

Post free, and four coupons each.

Blouses: First Floor.

Swan & Edgar LTD.
Piccadilly Circus, W.I. Regent 1616



PERHAPS the chief element which contributes to the joyousness of Christmas is giving. Everyone is bent on bringing gladness to others.

We would like you to remember the work of JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE. Circumstances to-day are unusually difficult. We have to rely on the public to support the training and maintaining of crippled girls: thus bringing relief to a class who, otherwise, would be in a desperate condition.
In our ORPHANAGE 150 girls from babyhood to 15 years are fully maintained. We welcome gifts of toys, books, indeed anything useful. Please address parcels to JOHN GROOM'S ORPHANAGE, Davenport House, Worfield, near Bridgnorth, Salop.

Report gladly sent on request. PRESIDENT: The Rt. Hon. Lord Radstock.
Contributions and enquiries to the Secretary:—

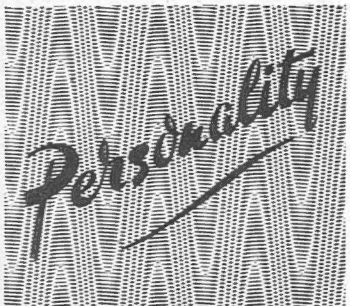
JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE
37, SEKFORDE ST., CLERKENWELL, LONDON, E.C.1

Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

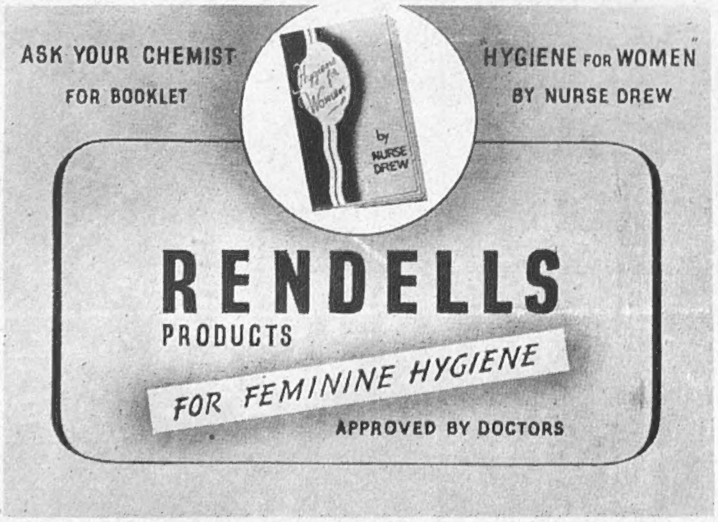
Unsurpassed in quality, although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD., DISTILLERS, DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND. *London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch, Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., 153, Regent Street, W.1.*



73 MITCHELL ST., GLASGOW, C.1.



Made in England by
The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd. 3049